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Heart Feelings in Song

33

BY SAMUEL HOEFFLIN.



Pathos,
Sentiment
and Truth.



PRICE, (WORDS ONLY) TEN CENTS.



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TO THE PUBLIC.

You will notice that this little booklet contains matter suited to all manner of men, but is especially adapted to work along reform lines. The author, realizing the lack of suitable songs for all occasions, sends forth this collection to partially meet that need.

The verse being arranged in ballad form, reform workers and others can easily sing them to melodies of their own or otherwise (no music edition in publication at this time, 1901); but must not publish verses herein contained to music of their own, or otherwise infringe on copyright. "Heart Feelings in Song," will be sold at very reasonable rates to those who are interested in the good work. May the book fall into the hands of some fainting soul and accomplish the mission upon which it is sent. Write for prices.

HOEFFLIN-GROSS PUB. CO.,
623 Pottawatomie Street,
LEAVENWORTH, KANSAS.

N. B.—The choruses in these songs are meant to be repeated after each verse.

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HEART FEELINGS IN SONG.

BY SAMUEL HOFFLIN.

DON'T NEGLECT TO WRITE TO MOTHER.

Don't neglect to write to mother ;
Don't forget your mother's prayers.
Deeper are the furrows growing,
Bringing more of those gray hairs
Every time the postman passes,
Brings a tear, perhaps a sigh.
Oh, don't grieve your dear old mother ;
You will rue it bye and bye.

CHORUS—

Ne'er a son so deep has fallen,
Or a daughter gone astray,
But a mother will reclaim them,
And forgive them right away.
She will follow you in sickness,
To protect from fever's blight ;
And to thus neglect your mother,
Oh, you know, that isn't right.

Once a son from home had wandered ;
Did not write to mother dear.
And the mother mourned and waited
For him who did not appear.
When he came home from his wand'rings,
She lay 'neath a fresh made mound.
No one let him know, because they
Knew not where he could be found.

A CHRISTIAN MOTHER.

(Dedicated to my sister, MRS. C. R. GROSS.)

Amid the dingy prison walls,
 As I was passing by,
 I saw within a lonely cell
 A man condemned to die.
 "Oh, why have you neglected Christ?
 Come to Him now, my brother."
 He only answered, "Would to God
 I'd had a Christian mother."

CHORUS—

Yes, some poor boys, and maidens too,
 Were never taught to pray;
 A mother's love they never knew,
 And thus were led astray;
 You're not so much ahead of some
 Who into traps were lured,
 And that you were not overcome
 You ought to praise the Lord.

The sweetest picture to my mind,
 Is of a little tot,
 A-learning at its mother's knee
 The lessons ne'er forgot;
 Some day when mother's dead and gone,
 Though he may go astray,
 He'll come back to his mother's God,
 Because he learned to pray.

All men and maids are prone to sin,
 And apt to go astray,
 And when they get out in the world
 Temptations come their way:
 I can remember when I thought
 Of taking the wrong track;
 Temptations nearly won, but
 Mother's prayers called me back.

Oh, dear young man, if you have known
 A Christian mother's love,
 Thank God, and live so that you'll meet
 Her in that home above.
 Oh, let her tears not fall for you,
 In vain her prayers ascend;
 If mother is no more, make
 Mother's God your dearest friend.

IRENE'S SONG.

In this world I long had wandered,
 Sought in vain for peace and rest;
 Many weary days had squandered,
 Till I found that sweetest rest;
 Oh, the years of sinning wasted;
 They can bring me but regret.
 Since I of His love have tasted,
 Jesus only can forget.

CHORUS—

In this world is naught but sorrow,
 None but Christ can comfort give,
 Brother wait not for the morrow,
 Look to Jesus now and live.

Since His bounteous love hath found me,
 And my life is rich and new,
 I want every one around me
 To accept my Jesus too.
 As a mother loves her children,
 So is Jesus' love to me;
 I have something far more precious,
 Than the world can offer me.

FRIENDS.

Worldly friends are pleasant, lingering at your board,
 Smoking up your cigars, drawing on your hoard;
 But when you're in trouble—need a friend who's true,
 They will leave you to yourself; they don't care for you.
 When you cannot help yourself and you're short of food,
 You will find the Christians clever, true and good;
 Then the truly Christian heart with compassion yearns;
 They will help and do for you, asking no returns.

CHORUS—

Christian friends are better
 Than the kind you buy;
 They won't try to ruin you—
 Scorn you bye and bye.
 Blessed is the pathway
 Which their Master trod,
 And the truest friend of all
 Is the Christian's God.

When those who are dear to you lay in fever's thrall,
 And you need somebody's help, on whom would you call?
 Then the Christian women will donate their flowers,
 And will watch the sick-bed through the midnight hours;
 When the doctor shakes his head—doesn't say a word—
 They will say, "Your burden cast upon the Lord;"
 When that white and rigid face fills you with despair,
 Some old Christian mother will your sorrow share.

Yes, with all their failings, Christian friends are true;
 They don't fawn and flatter 'cause you pay them to;
 They will try to help you form a higher aim;
 Trusting much to worldly friends is a risky game.
 When your hours are numbered, everything is still,
 And your kin advise you to arrange your will,
 Then you'll call the preacher to pray and help you get
 A fire insurance policy while you are living yet.

POOR LITTLE JIM.

Dedicated to DR. JNO. B. DEMOTTE, Greencastle, Ind.

[In one of his excellent lectures at Baker University, Baldwin, Kansas, Dr. DeMotte told a story of a neglected little boy, who was overheard to pray, "Great God, please make room for a tired little boy in Heaven."]

The guardians were cruel to poor little Jim,
 Nobody cared what became of him;
 His father a toper, his mother was dead,
 And this was the prayer the little boy prayed:

CHORUS—

"Great God, please make room for a tired little boy,
 There where poor Jimmie will no one annoy;
 There where the beautiful angels be,
 There where my mamma is waiting for me."

"I long for my mamma, she loved me I know;
 Now I have no one to whom I can go;
 I want to lie down with my head on her breast,
 There where she said she was going to rest."

The moonlight stole soft through the little bedroom,
 And the cry of a child pierced the quiet and gloom,
 As the little boy knelt at the foot of his bed,
 "Oh, Jesus, come to take me to heaven," he said.

It happened that night that an angel passed by,
 And heard through the darkness the little boy's cry.
 God answered the prayer the little boy said,
 And away with poor Jimmie the angel then sped.

They found him next morning in his poor little bed,
 And the news went the rounds, "Orphan Jimmie is dead."
 But the lone little boy had a smile on his face,
 For Jimmie had gone to that beautiful place.

CHORUS FOR LAST VERSE—

And God had made room for that tired little boy,
 There where poor Jimmie would no one annoy;
 There where his mamma was waiting for him,
 That's where the angels took poor little Jim.

ALWAYS IN THE WAY.

Quoth a cross, unthinking mother,
 To her little girl one day,
 Angry words that seem to echo from the dead,
 "Go, you everlasting bother."
 And the little girl obeyed ;
 But the tender heart was broken as she said :

CHORUS—

"Thum day, mamma, oo' will tal' me,
 But I won't tum' any more."
 So the sighing breezes ever seem to say ;
 And when e'er a baby prattles
 Comes that picture o'er and o'er,
 Of the daughter who was always in the way.

Down the street that summer's morning
 Came a team unchecked and wild,
 Treading down the little flower in the way ;
 And we see a mother mourning
 For her only little child.
 And the breezes seem to sigh and softly say :

"Mamma, tell me," said the baby,
 As the evening shadows fell,
 "When I det to where the pretty angels play,
 Will they say oo' little baby,
 Don't oo' know it, tant oo' tell ;
 Will they say oo' little baby in the way?"

SISTERS IN SORROW.

The lady of the mansion was cultured, rich and smart,
 But death had robbed her of her babe, and left an aching
 heart ;
 And every morn she visited a little sacred spot,
 To strew the choicest blossoms on the grave of little Dot.

One day while she was walking through a charming wood-
land old,
She saw a touching picture which its own sad story told,
A camper woman, gathering the roses of the wild,
Laying them so tenderly upon her infant child.

CHORUS—

The lady of the mansion with another shared her tears,
Though she had only thought of self through all her happy
years.

Aye, there was tender sympathy between those sorrowing
mothers,
For having suffered some ourselves, helps us to feel for others.

The infant of the camper woman lay in death's embrace;
Its mother sat there mourning, while the tears ran down her
face;

And the lady of the mansion knelt beside that rugged cot,
And told the camper woman all about her little Dot.

The roses she had gathered—the choicest from her yard—
She laid them on the camper's child with tenderest regard.
She listened to the sweet things which the camper's child
had said,

And tried to help the other who was mourning for her dead.

“Oh!” cried the camper mother, “to me the saddest thought
Is that the last, lone cradle of my child will be forgot;
We movers cannot stay in any one or certain place,
And some folks haven't got an undisturbed resting place.
The weeds will cover o'er the mound, the dead leaves fade
and fall,

And no one will remember that little grave at all.”

Then said the other mother with voice sweet and serene,
“You lay your child beside my Dot, and I'll keep both
graves green.”

MY SHEPHERD.

I wandered o'er the mountain wild,
 And vainly sought relief,
 A wayword disobedient child,
 And sin my greatest grief;
 In vain the Shepherd offered me
 Hope, Heaven, freedom, grace ;
 Repeatedly I scorned His plea,
 And sinned before His face.

CHORUS—

Oh I am glad that Jesus found me,
 And shed the beams of grace around me ;
 Oh I am glad he died for me,
 And hath my soul from sin set free.

I laughed to scorn His Holy Word,
 " Ye weary come to me,"
 The enemy became my lord,
 A hard task-master he.
 He fed my soul on grainless chaff,
 He heeded not my cry,
 At my condition dared to laugh,
 And left me there to die.

The Shepherd came; how tenderly
 He broke those serpent bands ;
 I still imagine I can see
 The nail-prints in His hands ;
 Oh, how my soul did then rejoice!
 He clasped me to his breast ;
 To-day I know the Shepherd's voice,
 He gives me peace and rest.

Though from His mercy often I
 Have wandered o'er the plain,
 He ever hears my needy cry,
 And takes me in again,

He paid a higher price for me
 Than I can e'er be worth;
 'Tis bliss a child of God to be,
 And Heaven begins on earth.

COME TO THE SAVIOR.

Maybe you once in the paths have trod,
 But you have drifted away.
 How does your record stand with God?
 Better find out to-day.
 Long you have wandered in paths of sin;
 Finding your pleasure in things unclean.
 Jesus will pardon you, take you in;
 Quickly arise and obey.

CHORUS—

Oh, come to the Savior;
 Do not delay, quickly obey.
 Oh, come to the Savior;
 He only can give you rest.

May be you're moral in all you do—
 Risky foundation to trust.
 May be you pick at the Christians, too.
 Be born again, you must.
 May be we're not what we ought to be;
 That will not prove an excuse for thee,
 And will not settle eternity;
 Better get saved to-day.
 May be you fear that you can't be true,
 Not till you give up your all.
 Then, while the Savior is holding you,
 How are you going to fall?
 But if you willingly evil do,
 Then he will cut the acquaintance, too;
 Tell you at last that he ne'er knew you.
 What are you going to say?

LITTLE WORDS OF KINDNESS.

Workers in the field and vineyard
 Gathered round the heavenly throne,
 For to give account in judgment
 Of the deeds that they had done.
 Many brought their sheaves in numbers,
 Others but the gleaner's share.
 Many brought the perfect clusters,
 Others some but passing fair.

CHORUS—

Some who are efficient workmen,
 Do no more than God requires.
 God knows all the burning heartaches,
 And the heart's inmost desires.
 There the haughty will be humbled,
 And the lowly one be blest ;
 And our fruit of labor measured
 By the talents we possessed.

“Come, sir talent,” quoth the Savior,
 “Tell me all: What hast thou done?”
 “I have preached the word to many,
 Multitudes I've touched and won.
 Great my name among earth's mortals,
 Great the praise I've won from man.”
 But the Savior told him, saying:
 “Thou art mortal minded man.”

Next, a cripple, poor and lowly,
 Trembling stood before his Lord:
 “Only little words of kindness,
 And quotations from thy word.
 Sheaves I've none, nor that I know of
 Sinners rescued from the fall.”
 But the Lord said: “Come, thou blest one,
 Thou hast done more than they all.”

GOD CARES.

I entered once a tenement,
 The rooms were bare and cold;
 The few and simple furnishings,
 Their own sad story told.
 And I said as I descended
 The rickety old stairs,
 So many people suffer want,
 And yet nobody cares.

CHORUS—

No matter what your troubles,
 A higher power reigns;
 A God who sympathizes
 With us in all our pains.
 Oh, yes, the Lord is int'rested
 In all of our affairs.
 So then, oh soul, take heart and know that
 God cares."

I saw a man who long had lain
 Upon a cheerless cot,
 A pauper at the county-house,
 By relatives forgot.
 "I oft cry out in pain," said he,
 "No one my sorrow shares;
 The warden waits to bury me
 And yet nobody cares."

Oh, take your woes to Jesus Christ,
 The man of Calvary,
 He knows just how to feel for you,
 And helps from day to day.
 Your burdens he will lighten,
 And from pain relieve the smart,
 (He's good on things along that line,)
 And purifies the heart.

UNCLE REMUS' VIEWS.

De reason some who say dey're Christians don't amount to
noffin',

Is 'cause dey didn't done hab no experience ob de heart :
Dey put dair name down on a card, a kind of gentle bluffin',
And ob de congregation dey becomes a leadin' part.

De preacher says, " We want you sinners wid us in connec-
tion,

An' if you want to jine us you jus' meekly raise yo' han'."'
And everybody bows dair heads wid courteous perfection,
To spare de tender feelin's ob de timid sinner man.

CHORUS—

Some were never disconcerted and have never been con-
verted,

And de only way you'd know de're Christians is by what
dey say.

Yes, there'll be a mixup-ation, an' a general thin-nation,
An' a awful scatteration,

On that comin' Judgment day.

De Lord requires more dan just a little reformation.

De church am got too many members loosely taken in ;

And if you're figurin' to escape dat comin' conflagration,
Dere mus' be true repentance an' a cleansin' from all sin.

You am not fit to jine the church until yo' got salvation,

You'd better start to prayin' an' keep at it till you know

Dat your perfession ob religion ain't no fakir-ation,

Dat you can take de Lord with yo' where'er you chance
to go.

You cannot cheat an' gamble some an' make it right on
Sunday,

You cannot beat your creditors an' drink some on the sly.

De people judge your piety by what you do on Monday ;

An' dis is what you'll have to give account for bye an' bye.

De Lord is ready to redeem you an' become your Master,
 We nebber heard of sinner dat he ebber turned away.
 But you be sure about yo' case—a letter from yo' pastor
 Ain't gwine to help yo' out much on dat great an' trying
 day.

NO ROOM FOR MOTHER.

Amid the rustle of the silks, the glitter of the gold,
 A mother, to a stranger, her pathetic story told,
 While waiting at the station, for the train now over due.
 She told to sympathizing ears, a story that was true.
 She'd labored for her children, Susan, Lue, and little Ray,
 Until her hands were shapeless and her auburn hair turned
 grey,
 Her eyes had lost their lustre, there were furrows on her
 brow,
 But Susan, Lue, and Raymond had no room for mother now.

CHORUS —

No room for mother, none to embrace,
 No one to love the dear old faded face.
 Strangers may bid her a welcome to-day,
 Fate will get even with them—some day.

Her children, so the world believed, were cultured, rich and
 smart,
 But mother found no welcome in their mansions or their
 hearts ;
 They now were going to send her to an aged people's home,
 Where she would grieve her life away, and wait for death
 to come.
 The stranger's eyes had filled with true and sympathetic
 tears,
 A mother's love she hadn't known for many weary years.
 She brushed the drops of anguish from the dear old faded
 face,
 And mother found a welcome by the stranger's fire-place.

GOD'S WAY.

"It is God's way ; His will be done."—WM. MCKINLEY.

Joe and Nell were twinnies, bright and charming girls ;
 Both had eyes of heaven's blue, and golden curls.
 Both were laid on beds of sickness ; Josie died,
 Bringing sorrow to that home and fireside.
 The father, who was sexton, dug a grave for Joe
 Where the weeping willows and the daisies grow ;
 And the parents in their grief did plead and pray
 God to spare their Nell. God let them have their way.

CHORUS—

Sometimes God will let us run our own affairs,
 Listens to and answers our selfish prayers ;
 He knows what is best for us from day to day,
 It is always best to let Him have His way.

Nellie lived and married ; sad was Nellie's life,
 Home meant but a lion's den, she a toper's wife.
 Often came he home to quarrel and carouse,
 Oft' she bore the marks made by her cruel spouse ;
 Till the love she had for him did turn to scorn,
 And her children said they wished they'd ne'er been born.
 And her hair, once bright and golden, turned to gray ;
 All because God let her parents have their way.

Scorned by those who knew her, buffeted and cursed,
 Every virtue sacrificed to feed his thirst.
 This was more than she could stand—her reason fled,
 And her helpless babes she murdered in their bed ;
 And her stricken parents wept their bitterest tears.
 Father said while looking back o'er the by-gone years,
 "Would that I had dug a grave for both that day.
 Would to God that we had let Him have His way."

WHO'S TO BLAME.

To Bethel on the noon express
 A well wrapped package came,
 'Twas mildly labeled, but 'twas
 Something stronger just the same.
 'Twas for the judge, a righteous man,
 Who stood in reverence high,
 Belonged to Church and Sunday School,
 But drank some on the sly.

CHORUS —

Oh, who's to blame for helpless cries
 That pierce the midnight air?
 A righteous God will surely judge;
 There'll be a reckoning there
 Before the judgment throne of God,
 There'll be a reckoning there.

The agent, who was switchman, too,
 This liquid package bore
 To the express room, tripped and fell,
 And spilled some on the floor.
 He saw the well filled bottles burst;
 The sparkling liquid's flow
 Aroused in him that craving thirst
 That led him to his woe.

The midnight train came dashing on
 Through the December storm;
 The switch was open, river high,
 No red light, no alarm.
 The drunken switchman knew not how
 Those precious lives to save,
 And all on that excursion train
 Found there a watery grave.

ONLY A LITTLE BABY SHOE.

Dedicated to Dr. JNO. B. DE MOTTE, Greencastle, Ind.

[Dr. De Motte, in one of his lectures at Baker University, told a touching story of a drunken woman who, when arrested by the police, held something in her grimy fist which she refused to part with. The unfeeling officers brutally forced open her hand, to find therein only a little baby shoe.]

The patrol wagon stopped at a low down place,
 To pick up a woman with a vile, red face;
 Some mother's daughter, who had gone astray,
 Far from the Shepherd's fold away.
 The woman held something in her dirty fist,
 Which to know the officers did insist;
 Only a memory of love so true—
 Only a little baby shoe.

CHORUS—

Only a little baby shoe,
 Only a little baby shoe,
 Only a memory of a soul that's been
 Saved from a life of shame and sin.

From her bloodshot eyes trickled many a tear,
 As she told how her baby had left her here;
 How she tried to shelter and keep him warm,
 But the landlord sent 'em out into the storm.
 Her life wasn't nothin' since her boy was dead,
 "Only a vag," all the people said;
 How he held out his hands, and said "Goo-goo"—
 Only a little baby shoe.

Every poor street wand'rer has a human heart,
 And sometimes memories will make tears start;
 Ev'ry low down sinner has a soul to save;
 We're all about one size in the grave.
 Jesus will help you if to him you cry—
 Take you to heaven when your time comes to die,
 There where your little baby says, "Goo-goo"—
 Only a little baby shoe.

THE CRY OF THE HEART.

Many years for happiness I vainly sought,
 And my poor heart was hungry for I knew not what;
 I sought the world of business, and the social realm,
 But somehow didn't seem to find a fitting balm.
 At length I came to Jesus: oh, that happy time!
 My burden rolled away, and now I'm feeling prime.
 That discontented, hungry feeling all is gone,
 And I am singing praises to Him all day long.

CHORUS—

Oh, yes, the heart cries out for God,
 And He can satisfy,
 He'll make life seem like heaven here,
 And you won't long to die;
 He has the balm for all the ills
 That harm the human race.
 You'd better go and have a talk
 With Him about your case.

Often since I've noticed people grinding chaff,
 Men whose hearts were breaking, though they tried to laugh.
 How I longed to take them to the fountain's side,
 Where the burdens roll away, and tears are dried.
 If there's something wrong with you—if your heart is sad,
 Christ, the burden lifter, He can make you glad.
 Peace with God and love for man, this will satisfy,
 And you need not be afraid, when you come to die.

THE DOVES.

Amid the woodland's mossy dell,
 The lofty tree, and green,
 Two cooing doves in modest glee,
 Were happy and serene.

The thoughtless brook still ripples on,
 By woodland flowers prest;
 That cooing voice has silent grown—
 There's sorrow in the nest.

Last Sunday morn a lady fair,
 In elegant attire,
 While waiting at the house of prayer,
 One could not help admire.

She seemed a queen of light and love,
 An angel and all that—
 The feathers of the woodland dove
 Were woven in her hat.

She taught the boys in Sunday School
 All cruel actions stay,
 The beauty of the Golden Rule
 And mercy's kindly way.

Her little girl she sweetly kissed,
 And heaven for her blest;
 Nor knew the woodland birdies missed
 Their fledgling from the nest.

SPEAK TO A MAN WHEN HE'S DOWN.

Have you ever found out in adversity's hour
 The value of kind words from those whom you met?
 When, weary and fainting, they gave you fresh power,
 And half of your troubles you seemed to forget?
 Have you ever found out, when the world seemed against you;
 Friends coldly passed by, as you met on the street?
 No fresh ray of hope for the future entranced you,
 Nor aided the tired and wandering feet.

CHORUS—

If ever you've known what it is to be weary,
 With friends disappointing you every day,
 With a pain at the heart while the whole world seems dreary,
 And icy December is blending in May;
 Then, when you see others in trouble enshrouded,
 Your sympathy tender instead of a frown,
 Remember the days when your own skies were clouded,
 And speak to a man when he's down.

How often, unheeded, have harsh words been spoken,
 As we, in a hurry, passed carelessly by;
 So ruthlessly crushing the heart that was broken,
 And leaving some poor soul to languish and die;
 While, may be, a kind word in sympathy given
 Would make the world better for many around:
 Aye, many a heart has in sorrow been riven,
 While young hope was cruelly dashed to the ground.

MEN.

Men wanted everywhere, men who are true ;
 Men of backbone, and conviction too ;
 Men not afraid to stand up' for the right,
 Men who abhor every evil at sight ;
 Who do not compromise, or duty shirk,
 Who do not think it degrading to work ;
 Who do not go in bad company — *men*,
 Yes, there is always a place for real men.

CHORUS—

Yes, men are wanted on every hand,
 Cigarette holders are not in demand ;
 Men who have courage enough to say no
 When they are tempted and tried by the foe ;
 Men whom no little impediment bars,
 Men who can think without smoking cigars ;
 Who have more grit than a rabbit or hen,
 Men who are manly—not dudelets—but men.

Men not ashamed of their mother's gray hairs,
 Men who are int'rested in home affairs ;
 Men who are courteous, thoughtful and kind ;
 Men who are pure, and respect womankind.
 Men who are ready their brothers to save,
 Who do not tremble at thought of the grave ;
 Men who are loyal to God and the State —
 Not always prominent, but always great.

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